The Saltpeter Myth

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The Saltpeter Myth

by Anonymous

Summary

It’s not the first time Nicholas Slovacek jerked himself off in the barracks lavatory, and it wouldn’t be the last. Right now, however, getting off was the only thing on his mind.

OR
Nash catches Slovacek masturbating and they fuck about it.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Nicholas Slovacek walked through the pitch black of the barrack sleeping quarters to the soft sounds of snoring. His muscles ached from a vigorous day of training and the remnants of a headache lingering. Upon passing Recruit Cope's cot, he whispered a creative slew of curse words at the man sound asleep. He fucking *hated* firewatch, and Cope knew that. But after having a bucket of urine thrown on him for trying to skip out on his shift in the past, he had decided it was not worth the grief. Picking his battles was still something new to him, and it was a lesson learned the hard way. The Parris Island marine depot was no joke, and he still has a long road of Hell to walk.

With a huff, he made his way to the lavatory to relieve himself. After doing so, he waited a moment; listening to the silence that followed him into the lavatory. Once he was certain he was alone, he removed his firewatch vest and threw it over his shoulder. He then slipped his hand beneath the waistband of his boxers and started working himself slowly. He hissed as he pulled his cock free, the fabric of his boxers brushing over his sensitive tip. Slovacek bit back the low moan that tried to escape his throat as he worked his cock at a steadier pace.

He hadn't realised how worked up he was, how much he needed release. It's not the first time Nicholas Slovacek jerked himself off in the barracks lavatory, and it wouldn't be the last. It was times like this in the early hours on Parris Island he'd realized how much freedom he took for granted. Not just to masturbate, but everything else that comes with life outside bootcamp. Right now, however, getting off was the only thing on his mind.

He continued stroking his cock, the tip leaking with precum. He braced his left hand against the tiled wall, letting his head fall back as he savoured the build up of his release. Groaning, Slovacek picked up the pace. Tightening his grip on himself, he continued to work harder with faster strokes up and down his length. He felt the knot in his belly grow tighter as he reached his climax, careful not to moan too loud as to wake anyone in the barracks.

"Oh fuck," he groaned, his dick throbbed, weeping with his seed.

Slovacek's body jerked as he chased the euphoria of his climax, panting as he did so. He stood there for a few moments catching his breath and letting his erection subside before shoving his cock back into his boxers. Ignoring the need for a second release, he pulled the firewatch vest back on and turned-

“Jesus!” Slovacek exclaimed, flinching in surprise.

Isaiah Nash leaned against the wall by the double swinging doors that lead to the barracks; arms crossed and looking disinterested. He was wearing his marine issued cap which meant he’d probably just been released by Sergeant McKinnon who pulled him earlier today after training. Regardless, he’d likely been getting ready for bed when he heard Slovacek tending to himself, given Nash was in his boxers. Nonetheless, being caught by Cope and *now* Nash- enraged him.

How long had he been standing there?

Before Slovacek could ask, Nash spoke: “You finished?”

Nash’s gaze finally left the wall opposite him to look at Slovacek, who looked both furious and flustered at once. The edge of Nash’s mouth tugged up at the corner, amused by Slovacek’s shock at him being here.

“What the fuck are you waiting for? An invitation?” Slovacek advanced towards Nash, a scowl forming on his face.

“I am waiting, actually.” Nash answered simply. “I’m next on firewatch.”

Nash offered his hand to Slovacek, his gaze unbreakable. Slovacek tensed his jaw, studying the other recruit with complete scrutiny. Nash just stood there, irritatingly calm as Slovacek’s gaze bore into him. Annoyed, Slovacek removed the firewatch vest, shoving it into Nash’s grip.

“I catch you watching me jerk off again, I’ll fuckin’ kill you. You understand?”

Slovacek pushed past the other recruit, heading back towards the barracks. His mouth felt dry and he could feel the tips of his ears burning.

“...So you don’t keep the vest on in case you make a mess?”

Slovacek halted in front of the swinging doors. He twisted around slowly, jaw tight as he faced Nash once again. Nash finished slipping on the firewatch vest, nervous but calm in his demeanor. He always had an air of indifference about him; it was Infuriating.

“What did you just say?” Slovacek stalked forward, dark eyes piercing

into the man who stood before him. Nash, not backing down from Slovacek's attempt to intimidate him, spoke again.

"I'm just messing with you, man-"

Quicker than Nash could think, Slovacek had him pinned against the wall, forearm digging into his chest. Nash let out a breath, eyes locked on Slovacek's. Nash was tense as he thought of what to say to talk himself off the ledge he'd put himself on. In the midst of finding the words, he was caught off guard by their proximity to each other. Both men were inches from each other's face. Breathing heavily and in a stand off neither of them wanted to back down from first. All at once, Nash became aware of Slovacek's half-hard cock pressed into his hip.

"The whole platoon's gonna have our asses if we wake them up," Nash motioned towards the barracks doors. "Let's not do this here, alright?"

Slovacek's stare was relentless, his dark eyes looking down his nose at Nash. Nash pressed his lips into a film line, his gaze drawn to the scar across the bridge of the other recruit's nose. Slovacek stayed planted in place, his head cocking slightly to the side as if considering something.

"You're right," Slovacek said, "Don't make so much noise, then."

With that, Slovacek turned, pulling Nash by the front of his shirt as he went deeper into the lavatory. He swung Nash to face him once again, backing them both against the wall farthest away from the doors to the barracks. Nash's hands gripped the biceps of Slovacek's arms with enough force to bruise as his head thudded against the tiled wall.

If it were anyone else, Nash could and would get himself out of this position of vulnerability. Back to the wall, pinned under the gaze of someone as unpredictable as Slovacek was, yet he wouldn't back down from this. Whatever "it" was that was happening between them. The lingering looks, the banter, the hostility. The energy in the room shifts whenever both men are together, and neither of them have been willing to address it.

Both men breathed heavily, eyes locked. Slovacek's eyes flicked momentarily to Nash's lips and back again, aware of his weight pressed against Nash. Nash's hand slid up towards Slovacek's throat, ready to squeeze. There was a moment of stillness, like time froze before the tension between them snapped.

Slovacek leaned forward, placing a rough kiss on Nash's lips. Nash

froze. Slovacek pulled himself back so quickly he almost lost balance. Heat spilled across Slovacek's cheeks and the tips of his ears as he realized what he'd just done. Oh, what the fuck *had* he just done?

"Shit, I'm sorry, I-" Slovacek began, fumbling with the words as the reality of what had just happened settled heavily between them. With a mix of fear and something like forbidden desire, Nash grabbed the front of Slovacek's T-shirt. He pivoted and threw Slovacek's back into where Nash once stood, knocking the wind from his lungs as he kissed him.

At first, neither of them knew what to do with their hands. They were full of frantic, desperate energy; two dominant personalities releasing weeks of tension and frustration. They kissed like they were trying to exhaust the other; their competitiveness dominating the way they explored the sexual tension between them. This, however, was nothing like training.

Nash cupped the back of Slovacek's head and kissed the corner of his jaw. Slovacek nipped and pulled at Nash's lips, hands gripped tightly on his waist. They continued like this for what seemed like hours. Learning about each other through touch and taste, sound and breath. Slovacek was hard again, and that ache he'd felt after only finishing once returned with fervor. He ground lightly into Nash's thigh, seeking some small relief for his newly-revived erection. Nash reached down to cup the bulge in Slovacek's boxers, rubbing at his cock through the fabric. Slovacek moaned into his mouth, their tongues gliding together intensely.

Slovacek's hands slid down to grip Nash's hips, kissing a line down his throat. Nash sighed in satisfaction, coaxing Slovacek's cock out of his boxers. His own dick strained against the fabric of his shorts at the sight of his fellow recruit's cock springing free, hitting against his lower stomach. The tip of it was red and swollen with need, precum beginning to leak from the head.

"So much for not making any noise," Nash said smugly, hands exploring Slovacek's toned torso under his shirt.

Slovacek groaned deeply and bit down hard enough on Nash's lip to taste blood. Nash traced the trail of hair from Slovacek's navel to the base of his cock, his finger tips resting there. Nash pulled away, taking in the view in front of him. Slovacek's eyes were half hooded with desire, his lips swollen and glistening as his chest rose and fell as he caught his breath. Nash looked just as flustered and aroused as he did;

his vest and hat askew, his pupils like saucers.

With a shaky breath, Nash asked: “Should we call it a tie, Rocky?”

Slovacek cursed at him, still catching his breath. His cock twitched with Nash’s hand still idling at the base, taunting him. Nash lowered himself to the ground in front of Slovacek until he was eye level with his cock. Slowly, Nash turned his gaze up to Slovacek in silent question; awaiting permission to proceed. Slovacek reached down and removed his cap from atop his head, and placed it over his own. Slovacek nodded, leaning his head against the tiled wall, smirking. Nash positioned himself in front of his cock, bracing one hand on his hip and the other on the shaft.

“Fuck,” Slovacek hissed as Nash took his length into his mouth, matching his rhythm to the pace he pumped his length with his hand.

Nash could feel his own dick getting harder as he listened to the gasps and moans above him. They’d made eye contact a few times, the blush deepening on Slovacek’s cheeks until he’d tilt his head away, breathless. The closer Slovacek got to release, the more he bucked his hips, shoving his cock deeper into Nash’s throat. Nash hummed in pleasure at the feeling of his mouth being fucked and full, his own dick leaking into the fabric of his boxer shorts. He now used the hand that was working Slovacek on himself, palming his erection urgently through his shorts.

Nash felt a hand grasp the top of his head, guiding him at the pace Slovacek wanted. Slovecek bucked once again, fucking into Nash’s mouth. The hand Nash gripped onto his hip now lay flat across the toned muscles of his stomach, pinning Slovecek against the wall. His other hand worked and tightened periodically around Slovecek’s shaft, coaxing more grunts and moans out of him before returning to his own needs. Blunt nails grazed across Nash’s scalp as thick, hot ropes poured down his throat. Both men came at once, moaning and gasping synonymously.

Nash removed Slovacek from his mouth, his lips glistening with spit and his comrades' second orgasm. He stood, knees sore from the concrete flooring and fixed his erection uncomfortably in his boxers. Slovecek -flustered and still coming down from the high- stuffed himself back into his own boxers, his dick still half-hard. He sauntered over to the sink to splash water on his face, rinsing away his nerves and sweat. Nash soon followed. Gripping the sink and ducking his head under the tap, he swished water in his mouth and spat the

remains of their time together down the drain.

His gaze travelled to the mirror above the sink, taking note of not only his disheveled appearance, but the man beside him as well. Slovacek seemed to be doing the same. Now both men looked at each other through their respective mirrors. The tension between them resurfacing; the same tension that had been there since they'd arrived at Parris Island and this new, erotic desire that had unleashed between them tonight. Slovecek was the first to look away, a muscle flexing in his jaw.

"You kept the vest on," Slovacek stated. His carefully guarded expression contradicted his kiss-swollen lips and flushed cheeks. He knew it, too.

Nash laughed softly before he could stop himself, allowing Slovacek's snide sense of humour to melt the sexual tension between them.

"Fuck you" Nash said, snatching his hat from Slovacek's head.

Slovacek smirked, flipping Nash the finger as he walked back to the barracks, complete arrogance in his stride.

End Notes

I've never written a fanfic before; or posted one for that matter.
Be nice.
I saw the batcall from the fandom for Boots fic, so I did my duty to serve.

Also, can't believe these losers used a vest as foreplay. Wildddd.

- A

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